

FROM OLD KANSAS

William Allen White Finds Girl in England.

She Was Delivering a Lecture on the Yukon.

MARTHA MUNGER, GREENWOOD

Once Walked to Eureka to Pick Ice Cream Social.

Now She Is One of First Ladies of Dawson.

London, June.—The effort to return to peace and pre-war occupations is made in London by the hundreds of lectures and conferences and scenes that are being given right in the middle of the season. In former years London devoted itself wholly to social pursuits during May, June and July, and lectures and study courses had to be not over during Lent if they wanted any attendance.

But now it's all different. And the audiences are the most different of all. Women no longer make the majority. While there are endless "intimate afternoons," when young men with interesting profiles expound some newly explored religion or art of psychic sense to exclusive groups of smart women in West End drawing rooms, the meetings which have the biggest attendance are those which tell about different parts of the world, how they live and what chances a young fellow has for getting on there.

William Allen White and I wriggled thru a bunch of young officers packed in the dark end of a big club hall room in St. James Square the other afternoon. The lecture had already begun and the lantern slides were showing views of the Yukon territory and the gold rush of the nineties. Gradually we were brought down to modern conditions to the new railroad which now makes its way over rocky pass and mountain side, bringing peace and comfort and civilization to the rough mining outpost of the Empire.

"She's From West."

We stood listening for a bit and then we began to pick up our ears. A woman's voice was speaking, low and a little husky, and before she had got a dozen words out we simultaneously leaned toward her, and she whispered, "She's from the West." In a minute she was telling about how she happened to be one of the first women to get over the White Horse Pass, and laughingly alluded to her upbringing. "You see I had been raised to go after what I wanted. In Kansas you can't get anything unless you want a whole lot of things and we went after them. We didn't always get 'em but we went after them as we went after that Pass."

"That's George Munger's girl," whispered Mr. White, and so it was—Martha Munger of Greenwood county, 25 years ago. A lot of things have happened to her since one summer morning when she asked her father to let her have his favorite team, John and Austin, to drive to Eureka, 5 miles to a big social the Congregational ladies were giving in the court house yard. Papa George said no, and for the first time she couldn't go, that she had been in town a great deal too much of late, was wearing very heavy shoes on the place to a bag of bones. "All right, papa," said Martha, and when her father had gone into the library and slammed the door, she picked the angel food cake she had baked and the chicken she had fried for the social in a paper box, and without saying anything to anybody, started off on foot.

Sold Pink Ice Cream.

But she didn't get to the social until almost noon and she was pretty dusty and her cheeks were very pink indeed, but her angel food cake was perfect, for she had grown to expect perfection from that big kitchen at Catalpa Knob, and Martha was the heroine of the social. She insisted on waiting on her table and she sold some dishes of pink ice cream that any other girl there, of course. Well, it's a long time ago now. A lot has happened to us all since then. Martha is now the first lady of Dawson and lives in government house when she's at home; but she came over here with her husband and her sons, who are all in the Canadian army corps, and she was at the head of the Yukon Red Cross comfort fund during the war. Pretty soon they will all go back to Alaska and those notices on lonely cabin doors which read, "Come for duration," will be taken down, some of them. But more will rot in place, for the men who mailed them in those first autumn days of 1914 have made their last journey, or they have come out of it all so broken that the life they loved and lived so intensely with heads and arms and legs, will never know them more.

Experience Counts



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Every Optical Want Supplied
Duplicating Broken Lenses
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LENSES TIGHTENED AND
FRAMES STRAIGHTENED
FREE

MA TAKES AIR RIDE

Mrs. Jimkins Sez She Dares Anyone To Ask Again.

Now Understands Why Birds Are Always So Happy.

BOYS WERE QUITE RELIEVED

Daughter Never Was Much of a Hand at Coffee.

New Description of Flight in Plane Over Topeka.

BY MA JIMKINS.

"How come?" the biggest Jimkins boy asked when I told him I was going up in the new airplane which is driven by that Young Mr. Morthland and Harry Buff, them as was in the aviation branch of service during the war.

"Well, I see Mr. Ralph Baer out to the field last night," I told him, "and knowin' that he was one of the stockholders of the concern, I just naturally told him that I'd like to go up so's I could tell folks whose feet was aches on the ground how it felt to fly. So he called Mr. Morthland over and said, 'This is Ma Jimkins, and I think it'd be nice to give her a ride.' Mr. Morthland said, sure he'd do it, so I'm going up at 5:30 in the morning."

"Who's to get our breakfast if you get dumped?" the middle-sized Jimkins boy asked.

"I didn't really hurt my feelings, for I knew that if I should get a fall, he nor none of the other children wouldn't a' been much interested in breakfast."

When I got up the morning I was to go, daughter and the littlest Jimkins boy, and the two young nieces that's visiting us, all heard me, and they was that excited that they wot no more sleep for 'em, and they hurried into their clothes so's they could run over to the field with me.

"You'd better wear my sweater," daughter advised.

The biggest niece thought I'd best take along a bite to eat, but I told her I expected to be home in time for breakfast.

Gave Her 6 Cents Fare.

The little niece slipped 6 cents into my hand, her knowin' that I'm broke perpetual, and thinkin' maybe the fare was the same as the street car. When I explained that I was being took up complimentary like, daughter said she wasn't it was her. I told her I hated to be selfish and be the first member of the family to go up into the air, but maybe when she was as old as me and had been leavin' in college how to use the sort of English we like what I did, somebody'd give her a free ride, too. That seemed to satisfy her.

The littlest Jimkins boy asked me would I take his paper soldier that had been to France and back in a letter to the middle-sized Jimkins boy while the fightin' was goin' on, so I put it in my pocket. Then I let the sponge for bread and put out the milk bottles, and grabbed my bunnet and off I went, the children at my heels.

"You ain't goin' to let me fall, be ye?" I asked Mr. Morthland as they fastened the goggles on me.

No "Monkey Shines."

He laughed. "If I drop you," he sez, "I'll drop myself, too."

"Jest so's you don't tip me out in no water," I told him, "for I can't swim."

And then he explained how he could drop 2,000 feet and not smash nothin' up, even if things got to goin' wrong. And me knowin' that he knowed what he was talkin' about, of I didn't, the last quail inside of me quit talkin'.

"Anyways, you don't need to cut up no monkey shines," was my final word. "For straight flyin' is thrillin' enough for me."

I'd been able anyway to overcome some considerable fear I'd allus had of high places, last summer when I was in the mountains. I'd never been able to enjoy goin' up on Pike's Peak by the cog train without experiencin' such fear that it was pitiful to see, tho I went up every year just to please the family.

But last summer when I went up I wasn't a mite scared, and was able to stand in the aisle and look down some thousand feet without thinkin' anything but how lovely it was.

I figured that it was because with my boys in France, I had had to face something so much bigger, that I'd riz above the petty little fear for my personal safety.

Mr. Morthland give me a leather coat and helmet to wear, besides the goggles, and they hoisted me into the front seat of the contraption, and strapped me so's I wouldn't fall out or nothin'.

Off They Go.

The engine was a-sputterin' and fusin' like a race horse that's impatient for the going to sound, and it seemed so strong like that I knew it could hold up a heavier woman than what I am.

Then its master spoke a word in its ear, I reckon, for it gave a final roar, and we was off, skimming like a bird flying low on the meadow at first, and then rising higher and higher over the prettiest land in the grandest country on earth.

As we rose up into the ether, or whatever you call it, I waved to the children who was standin' with their arms around each other, and I knew that they was tellin' each other that I'd been a good mother and aunt to 'em.

The day was at its dawning, as the poet would say, and I felt sorry for all the poor souldards that was lyin' peaceful in their beds, dreamin' of stacks of gold, and piles of green-backs, while I was havin' the joy of lookin' down on golden fields and green meadows, and winding streams.

The Birth of Day.

Tain't no wonder the birds are tickled plum to pieces to be birds, just flying straight up to the sky whensoever they feel like it, and watch the birth of each new day.

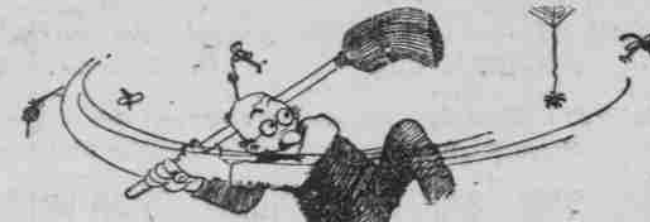
You know how everybody, leastways everybody that's normal, jest naturally loves pink baby things, alius sweet and fresh and innocent and fragrant, as of the good Lord had sent a perfume straight down from Heaven specially for them.

I couldn't help thinkin' as we was soaring like a bird on the wing, that the dawn was just the day in its pink sweet, fragrant babyhood, before the sun had a chance to wither it, or the winds to blast it, or the storm clouds to darken it, same as life is apt to do to all baby things when their day grows old.

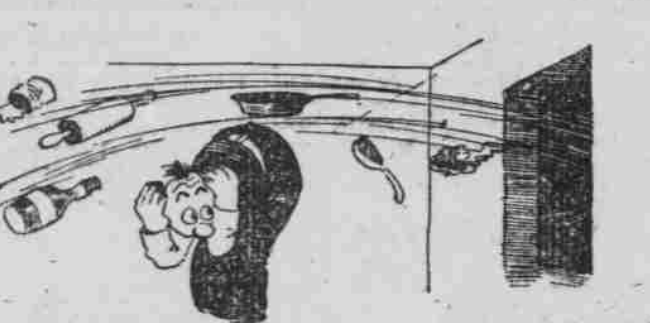
Mr. Morthland would lean forward

RUBE GOLDBERG'S BOOBS—YOU CAN LEARN THE IMPORTANT POINTS OF GOLF RIGHT AT HOME

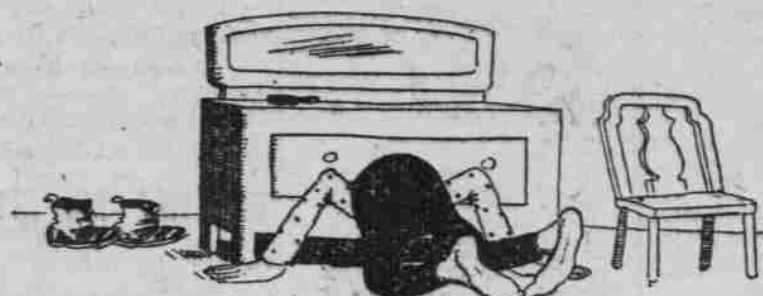
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THE PRESENCE OF ALL KINDS OF SUMMER BUGS AROUND THE HOUSE WILL HELP YOU DEVELOP YOUR SWING.



AN IMPORTANT RULE IN GOLF IS THAT YOU SHOULD KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN—YOU CAN CULTIVATE THIS BY TALKING BACK TO THE COOK.



ONE LITTLE COLLAR BUTTON WILL GIVE YOU A LOT OF PRACTICE IN HUNTING FOR LOST BALLS.



IN GOLF IT IS IMPORTANT THAT YOU REFRAIN FROM TALKING ON THE LINKS—AN EVENING AT HOME WITH YOUR WIFE WILL HELP YOU DEVELOP THE HABIT OF KEEPING QUIET.



AT THE THEATERS

"The White Heather," Maurice Tourneur's latest production, will be shown at the Orpheum the first three days of next week. The story is unique, full of thrills and dramatic moments. Many scenes in the picture were taken in the famous Williamson submarine outfit, showing a great many remarkable underwater photographs. Williamson's outfit is recognized as the highest type of underwater picture taking. The Pathe News will complete this intensely interesting program at the Orpheum for the first half of next week.

Baby Falls in Tank; Drowns.

Isabel, July 26.—The 18-month-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mease was drowned four and one-half miles south of Isabel on the Mease farm this week. The child was left alone in the house for a short time. He wandered thru the open door and leaned over a water tank to look at his reflection. The child fell in the tank and drowned.

Flies From Dayton to N. Y.

Mineola, July 26.—Capt. Roy N. Francis, who left Dayton, Ohio, at 8:08 o'clock Friday morning in a Martin bombing plane, landed at Hazelhurst field at 3:57 p. m. The trip was said to have been without incident. Captain Francis will remain here about four days before starting his proposed trans-continental flight.

PATRICK CUDAHY DEAD

Multimillionaire Packer Victim of Apoplectic Stroke at Age of 70.

Milwaukee, Wis., July 26.—Patrick Cudahy, president of the Cudahy Packing company, Cudahy, Wis., is dead today, following a sudden stroke of apoplexy.

Mr. Cudahy was rated a multimillionaire. He retired from active business in 1915, making his son, Michael, the executive head of his packing business. Later, when his sons, Michael and John, entered the war, he again became the chief executive. Mr. Cudahy was born in Ireland in 1849. He came to this country when a lad and at the age of 12, embarked as an employee of a packing concern. In 1876 he became a partner of Plankinton & Armour and in 1888 with his brother, John, bought the Plankinton interest and later established the Cudahy Packing company.

TWO KANSAS WOMEN SUICIDES.

Both Die After Drinking Poison—Lived at Lyons and Mankato.

Lyons, July 26.—Mrs. Lew Urbands, a farmer's wife near here, committed suicide early this morning by drinking poison. After taking it she straggled to bed and, calling her husband, asked that her two children, 7 and 5 years old, be brought to her. Dependency over ill health is said to be the cause.

Mankato, July 26.—This community received a severe shock today when it became known that Mrs. Charles Kramer, just south of town, had committed suicide by taking poison. Three of her children were in town, and her husband and oldest son were out hay- ing. She called Mr. Kramer to the house and told him what she had done, and died within a short time. Ill health and despondency are supposed to have been the cause of the act.

To Be New Wichita Manager?

El Dorado, July 26.—City Manager Bert C. Wells may be the next city manager of Wichita. Information to this effect was made public, when it became known that several prominent

CARFIELD
SUNDAY NIGHT
Marshall's Band
and the popular Soloists
R. L. Stevenson

men connected with the city administration in Wichita and other close friends of Wells in that city and here were booting him for the job that will soon be vacated by the resignation of Louis R. Ash.

DANCE TONIGHT
6c per dance (tax included)
Or 55c for the evening
(tax included)
Beginner Class, 8:30 to 9:30
SAUNDERS' ORCHESTRA
Private dancing lessons 50c per hour.
Phone Blue 4506
Ripley Park

DANCE TONIGHT
Best Hall and Best Dance Music in the State
Keliam Hall
Spring Floor, Electric Fans
RAY HALL'S FAMOUS
DANCE ORCHESTRA
"Jazz That Is Real Music"

Orpheum
WEST ON EIGHTH AVENUE
SHOWS 3:00 - 7:30 9:15
MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY

MAURICE TOURNEUR
Presents the Great Drury Lane Melodramatic Success
"The White Heather"
How can you prove that you are my wife?

MABEL BALLIN
An astounding climax to an astounding motion picture. The sublime, but forbidden, love that prompted a man to so risk his life in a desperate undersea battle for a woman, will rest in your memory all ways.

BEN ALEXANDER
The sheer beauty of the scenes actually photographed on the ocean's floor will leave you gasping in amazement. "The White Heather" is nothing short of a miracle!

Headed by Mabel Ballin as the heroine, the company includes H. E. Herbert, Ralph Graves, Jack Gilbert, Spottiswoode Aitken, and last but by no means least, little Ben Alexander.

PATHE NEWS
Matinee 15c Evening 25c Tax Included

"Story thrilling, photography beautiful."—N. Y. Tribune.

BEN ALEXANDER and MABEL BALLIN in MAURICE TOURNEUR'S "The White Heather"

Gownings—Gloria Jones

and point and shout so's I was able to locate places.

We flew over the Country club, and Mrs. Johnson waved a friendly greeting from the front walk, tho of course she didn't know who she was waving to. I sez to myself, "There's another soul that's playin' with the baby and listenin' to all the sweet things it's sayin'."

We circled around over the country south of the Country club, and then turned east.

Then They Dipped.

First time the critter dipped its wing to turn, my heart kind o' come up in my mouth, for it felt like we was tipping over. But Mr. Morthland didn't scream nor nothin' exceptin' to touch my shoulder and point to the lovely scenes below us.

There was some cows down in a meadow about the size of flies, that was kickin' up their heels and running around like mad. I s'pose they thought the air plane was some kind of a giant bird that was goin' to swoop down and carry them off.

We crossed the river, which looked like a silver ribbon a windin' here and there, just as the fancy took it, and then, after we'd circled around by Garfield park and Soldier creek we came back over the river near the Melan bridge.

The street cars looked like worms crawling along the streets. When the biggest Jimkins boy was little somebody gave him a square paste-board village, with paper houses and grass and little trees and churches and all such like. Looking down on Topeka with its rows of paper houses, I couldn't help thinkin' of that. The state house was the biggest of the buildings, but looked like you could hold it in the palm of your hand.

We saw the triumphal arch that was erected when our boys came home from France, and then we circled around to the southwest, and dropped the air plane was some kind of a bird, for I knew that that bird was strong of wing, and that it was guided by a master hand, so I just sat tight and was as calm as could be.

That Come Down.

We flew lower and lower, and finally it as soft and light as could be, and ske-added across the field to the stopping place, where the children was waitin' to greet me.

We was gone fifteen minutes and had been 1,000 feet up in the air, and covered quite some miles. Leastways I couldn't a' walked it in fifteen minutes.

It was kind of a come-down to have to go into the kitchen when I reached my house and fry bacon and eggs. But I could see that the middle-sized Jimkins boy was some relieved, to all baby things when their day grows old.

Mr. Morthland would lean forward

25 YEARS AGO IN TOPEKA

From the columns of THE TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL

July 26, 1894.

The cornerstone of the new woolen mill is to be put in place at 1:30 tomorrow afternoon.

The stone is a piece of red sandstone with the name "Mid-Continent Mill" carved on two of its sides. The stone will be placed in the southeast corner of the building. It was donated by ex-Mayor R. A. Coffey, Councilman Stephenson and W. H. Burns.

Mayor Harrison will preside at the exercises, and Chief Justice Horton will make an address. Speeches will also be made by Judge Guthrie, A. K. Rodgers and others.

Farmers are selling corn now for 35 cents a bushel, and a great deal is being marketed.

A picnic party spent yesterday afternoon and evening at Garfield park, and included Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bates, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Jewell, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hindman, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Manspeaker, Mr. and Mrs. James Berry, Mrs. Miller of Wichita, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hindman, Misses Elvira Bates, Alice Scott, Lucile Mulvane, Susie Jewell, Minnie Marsh, Mrs. Will Hindman, Frank and John Marsh.

SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS.

Every man depends on the quantity of sense, wit, or good manners he brings into society for the reception he meets within it.—Hasslett.

I must please Christ and deny myself, or please myself and deny him.—Andrew Murray.

Trust glittering life no more, redeem one past.

And live each day as if it were thy last.

—Wm. Drummond.

Every word that God puts into your heart for another will find some one ready to receive it.—Francis R. Clark.

For badly exercised is profitable for a little, but sedulous is profitable for a long time, having promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come.—1 Tim. 4:7.

Maker and High Priest.

I ask thee not my days to multiply, but to make me worthy of the least.

—Blanch Barrett Browning.

Give us a man, young or old, high or low, whom we know we can liberally depend, who will stand firm when others fall; in such a one there is a fragment of the Rock of Ages.

—Dean Stanley.